THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

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ORIGINAL.

RISE & PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

An opera is defined by the critics, a poetical tale or fiction, represented in vocal and instrumental music, adorned with scenes, machines, and dancing. It is said to have owed its birth to Italy, towards the close of the sixteenth century. The first performance of this kind, worthy of notice was at Florence, upon the occasion of the nuptials of Henry IV. of France, and a princess of the Medicean family. It was written by a Florentine poet, and composed by Peri, a musician of some eminence in that age. The subject was the death of Eurydice and the descent of Orpheus into the infernal regions; a story happily enough chosen for the introduction of striking scenery, grotesque figures, motley costume, surprising deceptions by machinery and music, of powerful and various expressions; accordingly its success was very great, and it remained a long time as a standard of imitation for succeeding poets and musicians. For a considerable period, the *marvellous* was considered as the foundation of this species of drama, the subjects generally were not of this world; the music an imitation of "no sound the earth owns," and the personages gods, demigods, devils, fairies, and sorcerers; beings, whose actions and apearances were not to be hampered by nature, truth, or probability. To support and adorn these representations, vast sums were lavished, and every source of gratification in the fine arts explored. Theatres sprang up in every part of Italy, rivalling in magnificence the palaces of kings, and in structure, the monuments of antiquity. In them artists of every kind vied with each other in the exertion of their respective abilities; the most ingenious machines and the most enchanting scenery conspired to fascinate the eye, while multitudes of instruments and voices enchanted the ear.

Such a representation, though very imperfect and absurd in many respects, was highly admired: and the wits of the time congratulated themselves on the invention of what they thought a new species of drama, unknown to the ancients. All the merit of the invention may, perhaps, be granted them, while the novelty of it is denied. The opera, so far from being unknown to the ancients, and especially to the Greeks, appears to be the only drama they knew. The Greek tragedies were all serious operas; their comedies may be called *burlettas*. We have strong reason for believing that the declamation from their stages was a true *recititivo*, and that for the most part accompanied by instruments. Their choruses answered to the modern ballad, though far more correct and significant.—In the articles of decoration and machinery, they appear to have gone much farther than the critics are aware of. How can we otherwise account for the great expense attending their representations, and the wonderful stage effect which we perceive they produced? The tragedy of Medea could not have been represented with justice to the poet, without the combined aid of painting, architecture, mechanics, and music,—else what kind of flying chariot was it that Medea used in making her triumphant exit? How were the silvery clouds made to roll upon the stage? On the whole, we must concinde that the Greek theatre produced the *original* opera.

It is not to be imagined, however, that the inventors of the Italian opera availed themselves of this, or indeed that they knew any thing of it: for had that been the case it is natural to suppose their first performances would have been direct translations of the Greek plays. It is more natural to think they took the idea from the old *Masque*, an entertainment brought into Spain by the Saracens, whence it spread over Europe. These masques were nothing more than the unimproved opera:—in them might be found many of the personages that figured in the infant opera—gods, demons, heroes, dwarfs, magicians and scaramouches. Songs were interspersed to give a kind of plot to the pieces.

Such was the rise of this drama; in the course of near two hundred years it has undergone several alterations, improvements and refinements; but those have been very unequally applied. In Italy they have been successful in discarding many foolish tricks of the stage, and in cultivating impassioned music; in France the chief stress is laid on "dumb shew and noise." It was in the former of these countries, that geniuses of the first rank arose, such as Vinci, Pergolese, Porpora and Durante; men not only of profound skill in music, but of elegante and elegant conceptions. They soon perceived that harmony and melody, when applied to words, were not indifferent things; that they were capable of assuming almost every variation of sentiment and passion, and that consequently, instead of being employed in exciting a pleasure merely physical, they might be addressed to the imagination of the heart. Upon this account many persons of high renown were driven from the theatre; the whole legion of the mythological gentry were discarded, (except Orpheus who keeps his footing to this day;) and subjects were chosen from real history. The machinations of fiction were destroyed, and the lyric drama put on a form more noble and graceful. Every thing that could touch the heart was introduced with saccess; they found themselves no longer in need of filling their scenes with imaginary characters; and being able to represent mortals, they became independent of the gods.*

The music was thus made so characteristic and appropriate, as to be, in a manner, lost during the representation, so that a sensible spectator could hardly separate the expression of the orchestra from that of the poet. A raving hero stalked along the scene, and it seemed not absurd that he should rage in a song; for the song was such as shook every soul of feeling with pleasing terror. A mourning heroine appeared, and the tender and pathetic accents which she breathed in her song, could not be distinguished from the real voice of grief. H.

*Vide Rosseau.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

MORTIMER —— was born in Ireland, on the banks of the Shannon. While young, he displayed the dawnings of many herculean powers of mind, and his father, anxious to cultivate them, sent him to a classical school, and afterwards to the university; from which he returned with many college honors. His ardent mind, thus enlarged by care and industry, was not long in choosing a profession congenial to his inclinations, and without hesitation, he preferred that of the law; conceiving that it opened a wide and extended field, where glory and fame grew in profusion for him to gather while rambling among its fascinating beauties. The first years of a student's course may well be termed the winter of his life. It is sufficient, to chill the ardor of the warmest bosom, to ponder in silent abstruseness, over the refined distinctions of my lord Coke, as it is enough to cool the most glowing genius to chain it down to distinguish the obscure diversity between two law points when it is wont to soar aloft upon the wings of imagination and to catch inspiration from the skies. But Mortimer, however, pursued with untiring zeal the path which he had chosen; with his eyes fixed on an elevated height, the object of his ambition. His impetuosity and uncommon vigor of understanding overcame many obstacles which would have infused despair into the breast of others. After the usual period he finished his studies and was a learned, accomplished and universal scholar.

Not far from the dwelling of Mortimer, resided a young lady named Matilda ——, of an honorable and respectable family, to whom he became exceedingly attached, and to whom he offered his heart and hand; she, with all the ardor of woman's first love, reciprocated his affection, and blushingly, with her parents consent, accepted his proposals. I remember one evening in May. Over this happy pledge was existing, Mortimer determined to see his much loved Matilda. It was a delightful evening, such as lovers think were made exclusively for themselves. The sun was just sinking below the western hills; the golden-tinged clouds, which reflected in mildness the splendor of this great luminary, appeared to linger and play in the mid-heavens, apparently waiting to illumine the deep blue vault which expanded in beauty above them, after their magnificent prototype had disappeared. Some were entirely suffused with a crimson blush, as if modesty had dictated the course when the candle of the universe was about to be concealed from their perspective; indeed all nature on this occasion appeared to exert its utmost to be smiling and glad, and shed a calm serenity over the face of creation. Matilda resided with her parents, who possessed enough and to spare, of the comforts of this life; and open hearted and generous, retained nothing which could conduce in the least degree, to make this sweet girl happy. Mortimer found her in the garden, ready as usual, with a smile to greet him. He approached her with an extended hand, took hers, pressed it, and thoughtlessly as naturally placed her arm in his. At this delightful and delicate burthen, his bosom beat high with emotion and thrilled with ecstacy; for he thought her pure as angels are, and as unsullied by the touch of time. He had often been to see her; often had listened to her soft and enchanting voice, while walking on the banks of a purling brook that winds about the habitation of her father; and in this situation when the noise of the murmuring water suffered no answer to her notes, or wafted them in indistinct whispers along, until they were lost in its bosom, *his* spacious soul alone would respond to every tone, by an echo of love. He had often seen as pleasant an evening, but never did his young heart expand in grandeur to

such an extent, and never did his romantic bosom feel happier than on this. They proceeded onward in the garden involuntarily and silently, until this glee of kindred spirits, this communion of allied souls, was interrupted by an observation from Mortimer. "Matilda," said he, "how delightful an evening it is." "Charming," she replied. "A carpet of green," said he, "is under our feet; the trees are blooming in beauty above us; the fragrance of surrounding verdure floats on the air to fan and exhilarate us; the larks soar aloft to kiss the bright clouds that smile on us; and every thing is expressive of contentment and joy, and desirous of rendering us happy, and why should we not, Matilda, *be* so, and follow such pleasing examples." "I hope we do, Mortimer," said she, "and if your heart is in unison with mine, we are both as happy as the lark, which you have just mentioned, who sings, and flies as it sings, on the bosom of the breeze." "Then my sweet Matilda we *are* happy, for while living in the sunshine of your smiles, my spirits are as light as the clouds of heaven which are tossed by every wind, and calm as the ocean unruffled by a wave. I have no care to depress me, no blast of disappointment to distract my peace, and why should I not be happy?" "True, Mortimer, but can this felicity, which I consider an emanation from the great fountain above, always continue?" surely, for what can disturb it on earth, and afterward—afterward, my dear girl! it will be renewed with an indissoluble tie in heaven, where a circle of light will surround us which nothing mortal or unhallowed can effect." "Indeed I hope so, and then how happier still we shall be," said she, as they arrived at the lower part of the garden, where a casual interruption changed the subject of conversation. Mortimer spent this evening, as many others, most delightfully, and returned home more in love than on any preceding one, perceiving new attractions each succeeding visit in his amiable Matilda. She was truly now at the acme of earthly happiness, and looked like a *bud of love* in all its freshness. Light and happy she would like a lamb skip and play on the green hills, or retire to her study and ruminate upon the beauties of nature, and occupy her attention with some valuable work. Being fatigued with the pleasures of the day she would rest at night on a pillow of contentment, and in "love's young dream" would imagine greater bliss. Mortimer at this period was also happy, because he did not suffer his ambitious, yet laudable views to wander, Olympus high, as they afterwards did but wrapped in a mantle of love, he thought only of the object of his happiness. He shortly afterward led her to the altar, when they pledged in the sight of heaven, what they had a thousand times plighted before, to love and cherish each other until death. Mortimer's urbanity and complacency of disposition gained him many friends and admirers, who, sensible of his distinguished abilities, often lamented his religious tenets, for he was educated in the Catholic persuasion; and adhered, when a man, tenaciously to it, because its recollection, being associated and identified with some of the most darling scenes of his childhood, he was prejudiced in its favour! and also, owing to a solemn injunction laid on him by his mother, when she was about leaving these realms for those above, he would as soon have given up his God as his religious prediliction for Catholicism. He would have made one of the brightest satellites of glory, but for the ignominous and irreligious statute, whereby Catholics are excluded the privilege of being promoted to offices of trust and profit, because they are compelled, if elected, to take the oaths of supremacy and abjuration, which is a subversion of the fundamental principles upon which their religion is founded, a law dictated by prejudice and supported by erroneous policy. Mortimer had now leisure to view the situation of his country, his judgment was ripened; his former wild speculations and romantic anticipations now gave way to deformed realities and incontestable truths; he viewed with trembling concern, the interests of his country, and mourned its sad condition. He abhorred the fetters in which it was bound; their every clank struck like a poinard to his breast of sensibility. For himself he cared nothing; he would willingly have immolated his body on the altar of his country's liberties if its smoke could like incense roll in curling volumes up to heaven, there to intercede, in quelling its oppression and healing its deep made wounds; but he was reserved for a different destiny.

A short time, subsequent to his marriage, he would frequently return to the bosom of his family, with depressed and downcast spirits; and, as often, would his beloved Matilda with affection, inquire the cause; but he would kiss the question from her lips and return an evasive answer. Although kind and loving as he was, the keen penetration of Matilda perceived something deeply brooding in his mind, which she determined to ascertain. One evening, therefore, when he came home, thus wrapped gloom, she abjure him on his bridal vow to reveal the cause. "Mortimer," said she, "what have I done to deserve this? Tell me, if you love me, why this alteration in your deportment? You know I love you, and would do any thing for you; would not I go to the world's utmost limits, to console you? and are we not one? Then why, oh, why, my dear husband, will you keep from your Matilda what is operating in your mind."

Mortimer could not withstand this irresistible appeal; he wiped away a truant tear that stole down his cheek, kissed his Matilda, who at this moment was more animated than ever, and thus replied—"Your words, my dear Matilda, have extorted a confession of what I feared previously to reveal, because I supposed it would have distressed you, who, in ignorance of my designs, appeared so satisfied and contented. I pity my love, the degradation of my country, when I see the praiseworthy and commendable aspirations of youth made to wither in their bloom by the contaminating touch of a monarchal wand; when I see my fellow-countrymen writhing in agony and humble servility under the yoke of British tyranny, and mourning in silence their sad condition, it wounds me to the soul. Oh! I envy the talents of Emmet so that I could die like him in behalf of my country, or free it from the bands of slavery; but what could this little arm do with the sword of liberty, uplifted, midst a multitude of British bayonets? Nothing! therefore I dare not attempt it; yet the sight of this foul oppression boils my blood, racks my soul, when I cannot release them: and shall I remain here and learn that cold indifference to my fallen birth-place which distinguishes others? No, never; I desire to go where I can hear the groans of the wretched no more: where the banner of freedom is unfurled to wave in peace over my head. I wish to go to America, whose bosom is open for the repose of distress, and whose arms are widely extended to receive and protect every adventurer on the sea of liberty. You and I, Matilda, can push our little boat on its silver waves, and fortune may direct us to a successful harbour. But then we leave the home of our forefathers; we leave covered in the tombs the bones of our ancestors; we leave the scenes that are rendered dear to us by our youthful gambols; we leave the spot where is centered all that is endearing and attractive; to go to a strange and a distant clime. Yet all this I would do, and more, for the sake of propitious liberty. I love my country, but my oppressors I hate; I am grieved to forsake my friends and relatives, but rejoiced to be released from the iron grasp of despotism. I am aware that our relatives will be opposed to this determination: nevertheless, we will go, my beloved Matilda, provided, I can obtain your consent to accompany me." Notwithstanding Matilda had braced her mind to receive the worst intelligence, she was thunderstruck and confounded with these declarations,—determinations, she thought, "too unadvised, too sudden." But Mortimer had pondered long on them, and had fully made up his mind concerning them; consequently, any remonstrance, however gentle, he received from her, was unavailing, but she unhesitatingly acquiesced in the hazardous enterprise in which he contemplated embarking. They, therefore, in accordance with this expression of his wish, but contrary to the admonition of their friends, made preparations to depart. The limited capital which the father of Mortimer, who was opposed to the measure, gave him, was a small amount whereon to build his fortune; but this deterred him not, and he embarked for New-York, with but a bare competence; entertaining full confidence of his own abilities to get through the world without it. On the morning of their departure, a number of their friends came to the vessel to bid them a lasting farewell, for few expected ever to behold them again; although Matilda, in all the unsuspecting simplicity of nature, cherished a fond hope of returning. Mortimer had little idea of it, and as he took his last leave of the land of his nativity, he fingered with a reluctant step on the beach, gazing around, as if he desired to neglect nothing in his farewell prospect, and then kissing his hand to it all, he said "farewell! farewell! Erin, my beloved, yet oppressed country, farewell for ever. I am driven an exile from my home, from the land I love." The big tear startled in his eye, he could say no more; but suppressing his feelings, he leaped on board the ship." Much sympathy and sorrow was excited on the part of their friends, at their departure; they blest Matilda and wished her happiness; it was all they could do. As for Mortimer, they cursed the *cause* of his separation from them, yet prayed to heaven that as his exalted mind rose into notice, with such splendor and magnificence, it might in its meridian beam, beautiful and glorious, and set in the evening of life ripe in fame and full of honour with peace and serenity.

The wind was favourable; the vessel dropped off, and was soon out of sight. They both continued to look toward home with overflowing souls, as it disappeared by degrees into total obscurity, until Mortimer asked Matilda to retire with him into the cabin, for he had until then been endeavouring to console her with words of hope, expectation in his future pursuits, and caressing kindnesses. She went, and afterwards, on the voyage, was rather more reconciled. After a stormy passage, they arrived in New-York about two years ago. Mortimer and Matilda were thus consequently entering a new life, without money, where they had been accustomed to a competency; and entirely without friends. Thus cast on the world, they were unable to support the respectability of their former habits of life. Mortimer exerted every nerve to gain subsistence for his small family, but his talents being unknown, he was almost unsuccessful. In this unlooked for reverse of fortune, his expectations were disappointed, and deep rooted melancholy took possession of his mind. Thus cast down, many persons whose contumely in his former prosperity he would have pitied, now passed by *him* in contempt. He had a firm mind, but he was unable to sustain the burthen of this brutal conduct, with the wreck of his fortune; and he sunk in despondency. Oh, how sadly changed was he then, from his former gay, lively and generous disposition. He retired at night, sorrowful and sad, and rose in the morning downcast and gloomy. Keen disappointment cut to the quick his refined and delicate sensibility, and he began gradually to decline in health. While lingering on a bed of illness, with none but his Matilda to nurse him, in a small house in an obscure part of the city, his neighbours would fre-

quently step in to see him, and appeared at that time anxious to afford him relief; but it was then too late. When they would see Matilda sitting on the bed of her dying husband, with eyes swollen with grief, whose keen intelligence indicated a right to a higher situation, and whose delicate frame and small white hands were so eloquent of her former fortune, their bosoms, as by a simultaneous impulse, would say—

"Ah why so soon that blossom tear;"

and the modest melody of her voice fell on their ears like the music of a distant lute, heard across the water. All this convinced them that their present condition was entirely different from their former one. Mortimer's life was now fast consuming, and while verging toward the brink of death, he enquired for Matilda—she bent to him in tenderness—he pressed her to his bosom—kissed with his pallid lips her flushed cheek—and said, "I must leave you, Matilda, as a solitary blossom in the wilderness. Oh would to heaven I could live for you, my love." And with his arms about her, his emancipated spirit winged its flight to its Maker. Matilda soon followed him; for under her continued anxiety during his sickness, she entirely neglected herself. Thus exhausted in body, and overcome by misfortune, her spirit fled calmly to the embrace of her departed husband. They were both buried in the same grave, and I never pass by their newly made mound, but I drop a silent tear while I contemplate the fleeting and unsubstantial nature of all earthly happiness; for Mortimer and Matilda, while rambling thoughtlessly on Irish hills, supposed themselves happy, completely happy, and that their happiness would last for ever; but soon, ah! too soon they discovered the contrary. I cannot avoid abhorring a law which was the wreck of so noble a youth as Mortimer, and the destruction of a once flourishing family.

J. M. S.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor,—Through the medium of your columns I am desirous of making known to the public a project for filling the state treasury. If it be followed up, in the multiplicity of its parts, I have no doubt that the public will be totally satisfied. I will at present only offer a few hints to the legislature in the form of a statute.

Yours, &c. LEX.

An act, entitled an act, in addition to an act for the regulation of licenses, &c.

Section 1. Whereas it is necessary to increase the state revenue for sundry wise purposes hereafter to be thought of, and hereinafter to be mentioned—therefore, *Be it enacted, &c.* that on and after the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, the following licenses and taxes be required in addition to those already established by law, viz: every owner of hogs, sows, pigs and swine, shall on and after the day and year aforesaid, provide for each and every hog, sow, pig or swine, a brass collar with the name of the owner or owners stamped thereon; which collar to be provided by an agent of the government, hereinafter to be appointed; for each and every collar aforesaid the owner or owners aforesaid to pay into the treasury the sum of one dollar.

Sec. 2. And whereas the tails of swine offer a great temptation to dogs, so that by the instigation of the devil they are apt to break the peace, by biting, tearing, lacerating and maiming, the said swine, greatly to the annoyance and disturbance of all sober citizens—therefore be it enacted, that on the day and year aforesaid, and after that time, no swine shall be suffered to have a tail over one inch in length, when said tail may be straight, untwisted or uncurled; and that for each and every inch of tail or tails aforesaid so permitted to remain, the owner and owners aforesaid shall be required to take out a license paying as aforesaid, elevenpence *a head* for each and every *tail*.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, that it be the duty of all commissioners and agents hereinafter to be appointed to cause by themselves or deputies, all swine coming under this statute and so offending, to be brought before some respectable magistrate not liable to be prejudiced, then and there to be examined, measured and arrested, without benefit of clergy.

Sec. 4. *Be it further enacted*, That on and after the day and year aforesaid, the following persons be required to take out licenses for each and every privilege hereinafter respectively granted. Maiden ladies to take out licenses for calumniating the memory, reputation or character of each and every individual then deceased, paying as aforesaid, elevenpence. The same to pay fifty cents for each character and reputation of those persons who may then be living—ladies to be licensed for bonnets, paying elevenpence the cubic foot—apple women to be required to take out licenses if it shall so appear that they do not come within the section of the statute to which this is an addition and explanation—the said women to be taxed at the discretion of a magistrate—all barbers to pay an extra *pole tax*, and not be permitted to lather a man above his eyes, or to pay one cent a head into the treasury—young ladies to take out licenses for ogling, flirting, quoting dead languages, two pence, and one penny for every gross of bottles of cologne water by each one used.

Sec. 5. And whereas, the practice of serenading is becoming very prevalent, much to the annoyance of quiet citizens; and whereas *night airs* are not wholesome, and *bad notes* should not be circulated, *Be it therefore enacted*, that on and after the day and year aforesaid, no cat or cats, dog or dogs, or other animals of the feline or canine genus or genuses, shall be allowed to go abroad, unlicensed, after watch hours commence; without a padlock on each and every mouth; the said padlocks to be provided by the commissioners of hogs as aforesaid.

Sec. 6. And whereas poor people are a great nuisance to a community, and as it is best to dispose of them in the most economical and judicious manner; therefore *Be it enacted*, that on the twenty-fifth day of December in the year above named, and ever after that, on the day of the month aforesaid, that all poor people be carried out of the city; then and there to be frozen as stiff as possible, there to be piled up as lumber till the summer season; and moreover that the state provide public refrigerators for the benefit of all such as are not easily congealed—and further, that it be the duty of the commissioners of hogs to thaw them out on the first of June, in each succeeding year, they to be paid one dollar a cord for so doing.

Sec. 7. *And be it further enacted*, that the ensuing Christmas be postponed till three days after this act shall go into effect—God *save* the commonwealth!

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor,—I should like to make known to the public, through your useful paper, several simple and efficacious remedies for a few common disorders, together with a few preventives of them. Christian philanthropy prompts me to do thus, and I am sure of general gratitude.

Your ob't serv't, IGNIS FATUUS.

When you find the jaundice coming on, watch its progress daily; and as your skin yellows, find a carrot, of as nearly the same colour, as possible: make a cavity in the carrot, about the size of a piece of chalk; and fill this with water of a saline quality; then hang it up, so that the sun may strike it all day; and as the water evaporates, the jaundice will leave you.

To prevent the distemper in your dog, take a small piece of fat pork, and sleep with it between your toes; this will also prevent him from foaming at the mouth.

Never allow your child to be brought *down* stairs before it is carried up a few steps; as there is no telling what calamities may befal it, should you do so. In case the child is born in the upper story, it will answer every purpose to lift it up the chimney.

When your child is three weeks old, give it an ounce of cayenne pepper, with a very little honey, and it will never have the cramp: a teaspoon full of muriatic-acid will answer the same purpose.

To cure drunkenness—take a pipe of the liquor any one is accustomed to; put it on tap, and allow the patient free access to it. I have known a cure effected this way in a week, when Chamber's remedy has failed.

To ascertain whether your lover is faithful—take the left ear of a weasel, and hang it in the moonlight—watch it between the hours of twelve and one, and if there be found any dew upon it, you may depend upon his or her being as constant as man or woman ever is. You may win the affection of any person by skinning the tail of a wharf-rat, and wearing it next your heart for a month; if after this you can induce the object to eat it, you may depend on being married.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor,—I am happy enough to be a Bachelor; but unfortunate enough to be *in love*. My "lady-love" is a very pretty girl—some people call her beautiful. She has a mouth the richest I ever saw—such a one, as the northern bard "Cassius," compares to a "rose-leaf torn;" but then it has *corners*, which turn up so gracefully, that she seems to be smiling on every one. Her form is sylph-like; her eyes of a languishing blue; her hair of a silky brown, and her arm and hand like new-moulded alabaster. But these are fading beauties—her mind is adorned with the richest gems of learning, and her heart is open and generous. What more can mortal wish? She loves me truly and fervently, and there is nothing in the way of our union but *tears!*—pshaw! I bleieve I have shed one in naming that which poets have poetized,—'chemists analyzed, and sentimentalists eulogized. Yes, sir—I hate tears; they are woman's buckler—an ignis-fatuus—a hypocrite's veil—a coward's advocate, and a fool's beacon. Burton says "as much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping, as of a goose going barefoot;" and I believe him Young girls are a perpetual fountain of tears;—if every argument fails—if the eloquence of the tongue goes "a-begging," they have recourse to tears;—flow, flow, and "make *eye-water* in the sea." Misses weep for dresses, dolls, ribbands, sweet-meats, sugar-plums, et cetera. Young ladies will, through spite, throw a love-letter into the fire, and then weep because it burns up;—they will weep over a pathetic love story—while, they *gently* tell the intruding servant to go to Hackensack; they will weep in a ball-room because their shoes pinch them, while they are piercing hearts by the dozens with their smiles;—they will snivel at the piano-forte as they scream out a tender ballad, while they bequeath a "plague" to the instrument for not being in tune. Married women will shed cataracts of tears for a sick husband, at the same time scolding him for exposing himself to the night air;—they will weep over his grave, while they inwardly compliment themselves on their appearance in weeds; they will weep if their husband scold them, and then send a stool at his head. Old women (if the fountain be not dry,) weep because they are not young.

Cowley remarks that "sighs and tears have sexes;" *male* tears are noble—a man seldom weeps without his feelings are powerfully wrought upon; but a woman can weep on all occasions without the aid of onions. Pray, Mr. Editor, what am I to do—I love the girl,—but I am disgusted with her continual "out-pourings of feeling." Should we become *one*,—I fear, she would make *mercury* of me, by weeping me continually in the fluid state.

Your's in a quandary, BENEDICT.

FOR THE EMERALD.

SIX SERMONS

On the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils and Remedy of Intemperance...By Lyman Beecher, D. D. Boston, 1828.

THE vice at which these sermons are levelled has, within a few years, become one of such great and growing extent throughout our land, that good men have at length awaked from their lethargy, and are coming forward with their whole moral power to stay its alarming progress: to save mankind from its destructive ravages, and our country from consequent ruin. At the head of this noble phalanx, stands, preeminently, the author of these sermons. The influence he has exerted upon the community where he is settled, is as extensive as it is beneficial. We speak not from report, but from personal knowledge, when we say that, for a great length of time, and perhaps in all time, no man in New-England has done so much good as has been done by Dr. Beecher, during the short period since his settlement in Boston. We say this now in reference merely to the great *moral* change which he has effected: though the *religious* world also have abundant cause for rejoicing in his labours. He has preached these sermons, and others of a similar character, with a power of argument, and an eloquence of thought and language not to be withstood or evaded: and their influence has been felt in every class of society. For when, in those gay circles of fashion where ardent spirits have been within the reach of every one, we see not even wine handed around to the guests, the conclusion is irresistible, that a great moral change must have been effected. And this has been the case within the sphere of Dr. Beecher's labours.

For vigour of style, grandeur of thought, eloquence of expression, and vividness of colouring, these sermons surpass any we ever read in the whole range of pulpit oratory. The sermons of Butler discover the acute metaphysician: those of Paley, the clear and correct thinker: those of Massilon, the impassioned orator: those of Alison, the man of refined taste: those of Buckminster, the polished scholar: but none of them fill the mind and the soul at the same time. But after reading these, one is at a loss which most to admire, whether the ardent philanthropist, the devoted christian, the powerful orator, or the gifted and original mind. And how could it be different? When a man of eminent talents, of profound learning, of the purest virtue, and of the highest christian graces, concentrates the whole powers of his mind and soul upon a subject which heaven must approve, how can he but be eloquent?

The invaluable little volume, whose title is at the head of this article, has already reached the fourth edition. And we would that it had reached the four hundredth. If we had it in our power we would multiply and distribute its copies, until it might be found in every village and in every family in our land; nay, more—we would send eloquent men along with it, to enforce its great and momentous truths; until there should not be a cottage, however remote and secluded, whose inmates should not be made to hear and feel what an awful flood is breaking in upon us, as a people, and threatening to "defeat the hopes of the world, which hang upon our experiment of civil liberty." We would not have this done with any expectation of reclaiming those who are already slaves to the remorseless tyrant. No—that would be hopeless. Nothing short of miraculous power seems able to bring one back from this downward path to woe; to rescue him from that raging vortex which is carrying him round faster and faster, and will soon suck him under the waves to be heard of no more. But we would have the address made to those who are called temperate men; to those who make what, by a great *misnomer*, they call *a* PRUDENT *use of the intoxicating draught.* Absurd paradox! As if any man could *prudently* take fire into his bosom. Absurd paradox! As if any man could *prudently* commence any course of vice. Do not these persons know that no man was ever made vicious in an hour or a day? Do they not know that the steps to vice are at first slow and hesitating, but that soon they become fast and sure and fatal? Do they not know, from our very physical constitution, that the confirmed drunkard must have begun with small draughts and have taken them at long intervals? that what now but barely satisfies him, would, at the commencement of his vicious course have made him unable to stand? But we must stop our own remarks to make room for what is a thousandfold more valuable—these incomparable sermons. Our readers will excuse us for extracting largely from them: and should any one turn away from their length, or feel uneasy at their plainness, he may begin to suspect that all is not right with himself.

The first sermon is divided into two parts—the Nature and the Occasions of intemperance. We shall confine ourselves, at this time, to the former of these heads, reserving the extracts from the latter for a future number. The author refutes the popular definition of intemperance as follows:

"The more common apprehension is, that nothing is intemperance, which does not supersede the regular operations of the mental faculties and the bodily organs. However much a man may consume of ardent spirits, if he can command his mind, his utterance, and his bodily members, he is not reputed intemperate. And yet, drinking within these limits, he may be intemperate in respect to inordinate desire, the quantity consumed, the expense incurred, the present effect upon his health and temper, and moral sensibilities, and what is more, in respect to the ultimate and inevitable results of bodily and mental imbecility, or sottish drunkenness."

"God has made the human body to be sustained by food and sleep, and the mind to be invigorated by effort and the regular healthfulness of the moral system, and the cheering influence of his moral government. And whoever, to sustain the body, or invigorate the mind, or cheer the heart, applies habitually the stimulus of ardent spirits, does violence to the laws of his nature, puts the whole system into disorder, and is intemperate long before the intellect falters, or a muscle is unstrung. It is a matter of undoubted certainty, that habitual tippling is worse than periodical drunkenness. The poor Indian who, once a month, drinks himself *dead*, all but simple breathing, will out-live, for years, the man who drinks little and often, and is not, perhaps, suspected of intemperance."

"It is this occult intemperance of daily drinking, which generates a host of bodily infirmities and diseases: loss of appetite—nausea at the stomach—disordered bile—obstructions of the liver—jaundice—dropsy—hoarseness of voice—coughs—consumption—rheumatic pains—epilepsy—gout—colic—palsy—apoplexy—insanity—are the body guards which attend intemperance, in the form of tippling, and where the odious name of drunkenness may perhaps never be applied."

"A multitude of persons who are not accounted drunkards, create disease, and shorten their days, by what they denominate a "prudent use of ardent spirits." Let it therefore be engraven upon the heart of every man, THAT THE DAILY USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS, IN ANY FORM, OR IN ANY DEGREE IS INTEMPERANCE. Its effects are certain and deeply injurious, though its results may be slow, and never be ascribed to the real cause. It is a war upon the human constitution, carried on ostensibly by an auxiliary, but which never fails to substract more vital power than it imparts. Like the letting out of waters, by little and little, the breach widens, till life itself is poured out. If all diseases which terminate in death, could speak out at the grave, or tell their origin upon the coffin-lid, we should witness the most appalling and unexpected disclosures. Happy the man who so avoids the appearance of evil, as not to shorten his days by what he may call a prudent use of ardent spirits."

After remarking upon the nature and effects of this *prudent intemperance*, with a knowledge of the physical, equally profound with that of the moral constitution of man our author proceeds to paint the nature of this vice when it has once fairly got the mastery over its victim: and he throws upon his canvass, figures so true to nature, and sketches them with such bold and vivid colouring, that you at once exclaim, "none but the hand of a master could have done this."

"But of all the ways to hell, which the feet of deluded mortals tread, that of the intemperate is the most dreary and terrific. The demand for artificial stimulus to supply the deficiencies of healthful aliment, is like the rage of thirst, and the ravenous demand of famine. It is famine: for the artificial excitement has become as essential now to strength and cheerfulness, as simple nutrition once was. But nature taught by habit to require what once she did not need, demands gratification now with a decision inexorable as death, and to most men as irresistible. The denial is a living death. The stomach, the head, the heart, and arteries, and veins, and every muscle, and every nerve, feel the exhaustion, and the restless unutterable wretchedness which puts out the light of life, and curtains the heavens, and carpets the earth with sackcloth. All these varieties of sinking nature call upon the wretched man with trumpet tongue, to dispel this darkness, and raise the ebbing tide of life, by the application of the cause which produced these woes, and after a momentary alleviation will produce them again, with deeper terrors and more urgent importunity; for the repetition at each time renders the darkness deeper, and the torments of self denial more irresistible and intolerable."

"At length the excitability of nature flags, and stimulants of higher power, and in greater quantities, are required to rouse the impaired energies of life, until at length the whole process of dilatory murder, and worse than purgatorial suffering, having been passed over; the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the wheel at the cistern stops, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it."

"These sufferings, however, of animal nature, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment seat in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again," again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but

it comes not. And lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door posts of his dwelling."

"In the mean time these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report, retires and leave the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive—and disappears."

Should there be any one whose moral sensibility is so blunted, whose regard for the welfare of the great human family is so totally lost, that he cares not for the subject of these sermons, he must view them with admiration as mere compositions; unless mental taste declines with moral, which we are sometimes inclined to believe.—What encomiums would not these few last paragraphs justify! They are of unrivalled power. The picture is such a bold and faithful sketch from nature, the miserable victim is placed so directly before our eyes, in all his agonies and loathsomeness, and moral deformity, that we almost shudder and sicken as we read on. Not only do we think them before any efforts of pulpit oratory, with which we are acquainted, but we know of nothing superior in the whole extent of parliamentary and forensick history. To that powerful burst of eloquence from Burke, which once rang through Westminster Hall, describing the horrid physical ravages of that monster, Hyder Ali, these vivid descriptions of the horrid moral ravages of that unpitying and remorseless tyrant Intemperance, may well be compared, and suffer nothing by the comparison.

ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

SELECTED.

MADEMOISELLE HENRIETTA SONTAG.

This young lady appeared for the first time on the London boards, on the 15th of April, in the opera of the *Barber of Seville*. Her modest and unassuming manners, personal beauty, and wonderful compass of voice, have attracted brilliant and crowded audiences to the opera house. Presuming that the following romantic biographical sketch of her would not be uninteresting to our readers, we have extracted it from her memoirs, which have obtained a most flattering reception throughout Europe.

"Born of parents, who themselves had held a distinguished rank among the dramatic performers of their day, the fair Henrietta seemed predestined for the stage, as well by birth as education. At the early age of five years, she appeared on the boards at Frankfort, in the old opera of "The Nymph of the Danube," in which she played with considerable effect the part of a fairy. At nine years old she lost her father, and soon after, quitting the provinces of the Rhine, she accompanied her mother in a journey through Germany, and wherever she performed, success crowned her exertions. Her voice had by this time attained considerable extent, and she could with ease compass two octaves. The constant habit of exercising herself on the most difficult music, rendered the most scientific of Mozart's compositions comparatively easy to her, and being admitted a pupil at the "Conservatoire," at Prague, the instructions she there received soon completed the musical education of a pupil who only required to be shown the path towards excellence. At twelve, she made her first appearance at the theatre of that city, and was even more successful than her friends had ventured to anticipate. Shortly afterwards, she went to Vienna, where her fame had already preceded her, and she found herself the object of still greater admiration: she soon obtained an engagement for the German opera, from which she was, in a short time, removed to the Italian. Madame Fodor was at that time the ornament of that theatre, and Mademoiselle Sontag selected this accomplished singer as her model. She again made the tour of Germany in the autumn of 1824. Leipsic engaged the possession of her talents for a time, and wished to detain her; Berlin is about to be favoured also with her presence.' * * * The young stranger, who had listened to this recital in silence, now rose and left them with the same taciturnity.

The next morning the drawing-room of our heroine was crowded by a brilliant assembly of rank and fashion. Among her numerous admirers, the young man of whom we have just spoken introduced himself, under the modest name of Werner. Unknown to most of the personages, who courted the good graces, or laid snares for the innocence of the fair songstress, he was equally unknown to her. In the following extract, however, we have one or two of these characters placed before us in a scene which takes place at her house.

"Go on, Monsieur le Directeur Bruckbaner; I am all attention to your story; for I must go to his Highness, and I always try to find some novelty to divert him with at dinner.' Regenbogen was in this the interpreter of the wishes of the whole party, and Bruckbaner began his story.

"'Never was a manager at the same time so overjoyed and so terrified as I have been. I was in the box-office with my treasurer, and asked him how the tickets went off for to-morrow night's representation, in which you, dearest Henrietta, are to appear, for the first time, in the character of Amanda; I received the delightful answer, that only one single ticket remained. At this moment, enter two officers, Lieutenant Spitzdegen, a noted dancer and fencer, and Lieutenant Maulbeere, his bosom friend: both ask, in one voice, if they can have tickets to see Amanda. The treasurer, with a shrug, holds up the single ticket; both fly at it, as the harpies of old on the royal feast, and a quarrel ensues. We tried to interfere, but in vain; the swords of both were out in an instant; in vain we tried to throw ourselves between them; the blows fell as quick as lightning, and as thick as hail, and, before many minutes had elapsed, Maulbeere lay bleeding on the floor, pierced with a dreadful wound; and Spitzdegen, wounded himself, brandished, in triumph, the ticket on the point of his sword, and walked off with his dearly bought prize.'

"'But the wounded man?' asked Henrietta, trembling, and almost in tears.—'He will soon be carried to the bar racks,' answered the Director.

"'By heaven,' cried the Englishman, 'the affair is worthy of having taken place in London.' Yes, in Bedlam,' rejoined Werner, in a severe tone. 'A most delicious bit of news,' cried Count Regenbogen, and he seemed quite consoled for the loss of his *toupet*. The Englishman was in evident uneasiness at not having an answer ready for Werner, but he would at any rate soon have been able to come to the charge with a peice of rudeness, if another accident had not roused them all from their astonishment. The fair singer, to hide her agitation, had retired to the window; they heard her ejaculate 'Merciful Heaven!' and she fell back fainting.

"All flew to her help; even the Englishman tried to show his activity after a rough sort of manner, and cried out to loosen her dress; but Werner pushed him back rather roughly, and carried her, with the help of her maid, to the adjoining apartment. In a few minutes he returned to the company; 'Henrietta,' said he, 'is under the care of her attendant and her nurse. A physician has been sent for; your kindness, gentlemen, will therefore be no further necessary. Henrietta thanks you for your attention; but, as rest is what she most requires, I trust that you will follow my example, and leave the house.' With these words, he took his hat and went away. 'Who is this impudent man,' said the Englishman to Count Regenbogen, 'who acts as if he were master of the house?' 'Who can know all the *mauvais sujets* that are to be met with?' answered the Count; 'but, come, my dear fellow, we dine together, I presume, at the Prince's.' *Cela s'entend*,' said the Englishman. They left the house with the rest of the company, and at the door they saw the cause of Henrietta's illness. They were carrying the wounded officer, bathed in blood, through the street, and Werner accompanied the litter."

In the evening, Henrietta, somewhat recovered from her indisposition, was reading in her boudoir, by the soft and subdued light of the lamp, when Werner was announced. 'I fear I have broke in upon your solitude.' 'Come in,' said Henrietta, 'I am delighted to see you. This is the first evening since my arrival in this city, that I have had at my own disposal.' Werner seated himself near to her, and inquired what book she was reading. 'Do you not recognise it?'' said Henrietta. 'To you I am indebted for it, or rather, to it do I owe your friendship.' 'Schiller!'' exclaimed the young man. 'Yes; and believe me, I esteem the book not only for its intrinsic merit, but perhaps still more from the circumstances under which I first read it. That day will never be erased from my memory, when having alighted from my carriage to proceed down the hill on foot, and admiring the beautiful valley and landscape extending before me, I saw this volume on the ground; and, with a natural curiosity, picked it up, under the conviction that it had been left there by some traveller. What was my surprise, when on turning round, I beheld you at my side!—what must you have thought of me! and she endeavoured, by averting her face, to conceal her confusion. 'I was delighted,' said Werner, 'that my favourite author should please you. It was the happiest day of my life: it afforded me an opportunity of escorting you to the neighbouring village, and we were by that time perfectly known to each other.'

The conversation was thus insensibly prolonged, and time and place induced mutual confidence; and Werner ventured to address a few observations to Henrietta, as to the danger of the profession she had adopted. Her reply was, that, having to provide for her brothers and sisters, she was compelled to sacrifice her own comfort to their well being. Struck with this noble answer, Werner paced up and down the room for some time; then suddenly stopping before her: 'You must be extricated from this situation, Henrietta; will you become my wife?' She made no reply, but burst into tears, and her fair head fell reclining on her lover's arm; and from that time, she constantly in her *tete-a-tetes* made use of the familiar and endearing expressions which are commonly used by persons betrothed.

Werner's eloquence soon prevailed over the force of Mademoiselle Sontag's habits, and she decided upon quitting the state. He writes to his father, to obtain his consent to his marriage with the accomplished Henrietta; the father refuses, and disinherits his son. Werner still per-

sists, however, in his intention: he proposes endeavouring to obtain the situation of professor of music at the University of Berlin; and Henrietta, on her part, is to give a farewell concert, as the remaining means of existence for herself and family.

The concert is announced, and tickets are taken by every body. Among the rest, an Ambassador, who had not been able to procure one, addresses himself, as a last resource, to Henrietta, where he is equally unsuccessful. 'Must I then,' said the Count K. 'renounce all hope of listening to a prodigy, of whom I have heard so much?' 'I know but one way,' said Henrietta, smiling, 'to repair so great an evil, which is, to allow me the pleasure of singing before you now.' She sang: the count was delighted, and pressing her hand as he departed, he placed on her finger, a magnificent ring, and left her.

The concert takes place, and is thus described:

'The evening came, and the concert was full and brilliant. A celebrated artist who was present, addressed Henrietta from the orchestra, and poured forth, with true feeling, his regret that this ornament of the arts would henceforth shine but for a small circle. At every piece she sang, the room rang with applause; and, when at last she took leave, roses and myrtles were showered on her path from the boxes, an intimation that the cause of her quitting the stage was understood. There was, in this last mark of interest, something that spoke deeply to her heart: with tears in her eyes, she returned her thanks for such a reception, while a feeling of sadness crossed her mind at the thought that she was now, as it were, for ever abandoning the temple of the arts, of which she had become a worthy priestess; and, whatever might be the happiness a peaceful home promised to her, still it must be bought by this sacrifice.

Werner conducted her to the carriage, and drove home with her; as soon as they entered, they threw themselves into each other's arms. "Now,' exclaimed Henrietta, now I am at last thine." After a time, Werner spoke in a voice of deep emotion, "Henrietta, whom think you I saw at the concert?" and he continued, as she looked at him with an enquiring glance, 'My father;" I will see him to-morrow morning early and then tell you what effect my persuasions and your looks have had upon him." The lovers separated with high hopes, for they could not look upon it as a bad sign, that Werner's father should have been present at the concert.

Early next morning a clergyman named Walter, was announced to Henrietta; a venerable old man, with silvery locks, entered; he addressed her with an open confidence. "My re[illegible] ing." "My God," cried Henrietta, "had then this man so few friends, that for so paltry a sum he must endure such misery!" With these words, she flew to her desk, and, taking out three hundred dollars, she gave them to the clergyman with these words; "take them father, heaven has bestowed on me such abundance, that, even after giving away this trifle, I shall be richer than I had ever hoped. I entreat of you, take the money and fly to their assistance." The old man seized her hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips: "God will reward you for this," he said with glistening eyes; "believe me, my child, God will reward you." There was a prophetic tone in his voice, that struck Henrietta; she accompanied him to the door, and returned with a light heart to her apartment."

A few moments after, the Count K. entered; he came in the name of the Duke, his master, to propose a private marriage, which Henrietta refused. 'The Grand Duke expected such an answer,' said the Ambassador: 'but, if his occupation of a throne is an obstacle to his union with Henrietta, he will resign the government to his brother, become a simple citizen, and then sue for a happiness which the sceptre prevents him from obtaining.' One word from Henrietta would have exalted her to the rank of Dutchess. 'Had you a throne itself to offer me, she replied to the Ambassador, 'I should decline your proposal; I am engaged to a young man, who, like myself, is an artist; we love each other, and no other man shall ever become my husband. 'Noble and generous woman!' said the Count, receiving her in his arms, you shall be my daughter.' At that moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and Werner threw himself at his father's feet.

According to the German edition of this little novel, Henrietta and her lover were, that same evening, united in the Count's private chapel, by the same divine who, in the morning, had obtained from her the relief which he implored for a distressed family. But, according to a post scriptum, appended to the translation of this work, lately published at Paris, Mlle. Sontag was doomed to experience a more severe disappointment than any she had hitherto suffered. It appears that the Count, desirous of ascertaining whether the attachment of the young couple was likely to prove constant, stipulated that Henrietta should absent herself for some time previous to their marriage. She accordingly proceeded to Paris; and it is probably to this circumstance that we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing her in England.

VARIETY.

Fashion Dress.—The shafts of satire have for a long

in every organ, and certain duties are allotted, even to the most minute of the "thousand strings" composing our animal machine, which cannot be infringed upon without putting the whole machine out of tune. Every fibre and vessel must have its appropriate space for action —without which, health is destroyed, and menaces the system. No greater folly could have been imagined, than the idea that nature is mistaken in these maters, and must be rectified by dint of bandages and bodices.

An eminent British physician had demonstrated in a course of lectures on the structure and functions of the human frame, that the organs within are materially affected by any tight dress around the body. "If the ribs are prevented from freely expanding during inspiration, by an external pressure, shortness of breath on the slightest exertion, and palpitation of the heart, are the consequences." Below the ribs, where there is less resistance to the hostile forces without, the effect is still more mischievous. But our modern belles are mostly in the habit of screwing their pretty waists into a most unnatural narrowness, at which point, as the lungs are immediately endangered, there is most need of forbearance. It would seem that nature had thrown around these delicate organs a bony protection, that ought to serve as a safe-guard from the encroachments of so contemptible an enemy as fashion. Yet here, notwithstanding this warning, the operations of pride, of false taste, and of thoughtless affectation, are productive of the greatest injuries. The dictates of fashion are absolute and must be obeyed, in despite of asthma, and pleurisy, and peripneumony, and even want of breath itself!

The lecturer above alluded to recommends the addition to every fashionable lady's toilet, of a little anatomical figure, which would constantly serve to remind her of the importance of regarding, in some measure, the claims and uses of the various agents stationed in the citadel of life. "It would lead the votary of fashion to imagine that the heart was praying for room to palpitate; the lungs for liberty to perform their important office of purifying the blood; the stomach would supplicate for room to exercise its necessary functions of digestion; and the thousands of absorbing vessels in the intestines, would entreat that a destructive pressure might not disable them from their indispensable duty of extracting nutriment from the food, and carrying life, and strength, and energy, to every part of the system." But, as the preparation of anatomical figures might be attended with trouble (not to whisper a word about expense) we would suggest the substitution of an engraving—wherein every organ should be personified—or at least made to speak by means of [illegible]

With feeling.

Fare-well! Fare-well! since we must part, But oft a tear I'll shed for thee;

Thy name shall cling a-round my heart, To light the waste of mem-o-ry. To light the waste of mem-o-ry.

Oh! when amidst the gay you rove,
When pleading eyes around you shine;
Think of the one who dared to love,
Whose every pulse was thine—was thine!

Adieu!—adieu!—perhaps that tear,
Which trembling plays upon thy cheek,
Proclaims my name to thee still dear,
And speaks more truth than tongue could speak.

Oh! then, if I am still thine own,
Why should my heart with anguish swell;
Alas! from thee for e'er I turn,—
We meet no more,—farewell!—farewell!